

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eies.

Ho. O Iesu, hee doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry. I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
mille, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, herelieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Black cher-
ries? a question not to be asked, shall the son of England proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be asked: there is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest:
For *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares,
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*. if that man should be lew-
dly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me,
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestical-
ly both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rab-
bet-sucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle yee for a
young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth nere look
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Di-
uell haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man, a tunne of man
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of
humors, that boulding-hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stufft Cloke-bag
of guttes, that rosted Manning tree Oxe with the pudding in
his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Rus-
sian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but
in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, *Fal-
staffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pit-
tie) his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is (sauing your re-
uerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar
be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a
sinne, then many an old Host that I know, is damn'd: if to bee
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued.
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poines*; but
for

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